Rot halfe a graine a day: he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.
Oth. Ha?
Em. Doe thy worst,
This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as dirt; thou hast done a deed ---
I care not for thy sword, I'le make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.
Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others*.
Mon. What is the matter? how now Generall?
Em. O, are you come *Iago*? you haue done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.
All. What is the matter?
Em. Disproue this villaine, if thou bee'st a man;
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false,
I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villaine:
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.
Em. But did you euer tell him she was false?
Iag. I did.
Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Vpon my soule, a lie, a wicked lie:
She false with *Cassio*; did you say with *Cassio*?
Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse; go to, charme your tongue.
Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake.
Iag. What are you mad, I charge you get you home.
Em. Good Gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake,
Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh. Oth. *falls on the bed.*
Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and rore,

For

For thou hast kild the sweetest innoc
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. O she was foule:
I scarce did know you Vncle, there lie
Whose breath indeed, these hands ha
I know this act shewes terrible and
Gra. Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad
Thy match was mortall to him, and p
Shore his old thread atwane: did he
This sight would make him doe a des
Yea curse his better Angell from his
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* kn
That she with *Cassio*, hath the act of
A thousand times committed; *Cassi*
And she did gratifie his amorous wo
With the recognisance and pledge o
Which I first gaue her; I saw it in hi
It was a handkercher; an Antique t
My father gaue my mother.
Em. O God, O heauenly God.
Iag. Zouns, hold your peace.
Em. 'Twill out, 'twill: I hold my
I'le be in speaking, liberall as the ayr
Let heauen, and men, and diuells, let
All, all cry shame against me, yet I'le
Iag. Be wise, and get you home.
Em. I will not.
Gra. Fie, your sword vpon a wo
Em. O thou dull Moore, that ha
I found by fortune, and did giue my
For often with a solemne earnestnes
More then indeed belong'd to such
He beg'd of me to steale it.
Iag. Villainous whore.
Em. She gaue it *Cassio*? no alas I
And I did giu't my husband.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)